



Eywa's Avatar



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Chapter 1 by Celsius Fate

Pandora.

Home to the Na'vi.

My home.

The place where I was born and raised.

The place where my story begins.

"Acala time to get up," a gentle voice next to me whispered.

My eyes fluttered open after several moments to the face of Ehrasi hovering over me with that signature grin of his. Sitting up in the hammock—a word my father taught me—I stretched my graceful limbs above my head, shaking my braids away from my eyes. Today was a great day since I was given the honor of guiding several new hunters up to the rookery so they can choose their own Ikran. I already underwent my ritual several moons ago, and formed tsaheylu with a blue Ikran whom I named Alilimlu, a fierce but loyal female Ikran who has been with me ever

since

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"Your mother calls for you"

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to take

I grasped it firmly with my own and stood up, following him down the spiral staircase to the bottom of Hometree, where I could see both of my parents, along with my grandmother Mo'at, the current Tsahik of our clan. Mother was set to inherit grandmother's position soon, with the exact date to be set, but I know that once mother becomes Tsahik, I will have to undergo the training to take the mantle from her when she passes it to me.

"Oel ngati kameie," I greeted when I spotted my parents.

Father greeted me with the same response, while mother waved her hand at me in the traditional Na'vi greeting. Of course I had to do the same with grandmother, only this time I lowered my head slightly as a sign of respect.

"Are you ready for today Acala?" father asked, his eyes sparkling with pride as he looked at me.

"More than ever," I responded, trying to hide my nervousness from him.

"Ehrasi is going with her Jake, she will be fine."

To outsiders my father may seem like a Na'vi, one of the Omaticaya, but that's not true. He was actually one of the Sky People, from a place called Earth that was far away from where Pandora was. He was chosen to become an avatar, a genetic body grown from the harvested cells of a Na'vi and mixed with his own. Originally the body belonged to his deceased brother, but because father was identical to his brother, he was approached to become a user. Father met mother while on a mission one day, and she originally intended to kill him, but stopped when she saw a sign from Eywa. In the end father had to go through a lot of trouble and obstacles to become one of the Na'vi, eventually becoming olo'eyktan after Tsu'tey died in battle against the Sky People. I never had the honor of meeting Tsu'tey but from what mother told me, he was a proud warrior of the Omaticaya, and will forever be remembered as one who rode with Toruk Makto, of which my father was prior to releasing Toruk.

How do I know this?

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Grandmother Mo'at rested her hand on my shoulder and smiled, a gesture which I returned sheepishly. I don't know if grandmother expects me to become a great Tsa'heik one day, because she has been talking to mother about starting my training early. According to her, when I was born, grandmother sensed I had a deep connection to the Great Mother herself, and said it was a sign that I'll become a great Tsa'heik in the future.

I don't know if this is true.

"Mother you are embarrassing her," my mother said from the side.

I laughed.

My ears picked up the sounds of footsteps on the forest floor and immediately I turned around alert, thinking it was a stranger who was coming near our home. However I relaxed when I saw it was just Norm, a friend of father's who was allowed to remain behind on Pandora after the Sky People were forced to return to their dying planet. He was in his avatar, the same body which father now currently inhabits, and was carrying a foreign object in his hand that I hadn't seen before.

"Jake we need to speak," he said to father.

It was father's original language...English it was called I think?

The only reason why I understood was thanks to mother and father teaching me at a young age.

"I'll see you later," father said to me as he disappeared up to Hometree with Norm right behind.

Mother waited until father was out of sight before turning back around to where I was standing.

"Go to the rookery now while it is still light outside," she said.

Ehreti and I nodded.

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"Fly! First flight will seal L
form Tsa'heylu with an Ikran.

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who just managed to

She looked at me briefly and I gave her an encouraging nod, then she directed her Ikran off the edge and off they went into the skies of Pandora. I spun around and went to Ali'imalu, linking our queues together as she instinctively took off from the cliff. Ehrasi was not far behind since I could hear his Ikran roaring somewhere to the right of me. It had been another successful ritual, of which three new taronyu were born. Now we were soaring the skies together as a small group, weaving in and out of the rocks and performing tricks with our Ikrans.

"Let's head back to Hometree!" I said over the roar of the wind.

The others followed my lead as I directed Ali'i towards the direction of our home.

Along the way we flew beneath the trees to hide ourselves from Toruk, you never know when the Last Shadow was lurking above you. How father ever managed to become Toruk Makto was something I can't even begin to fathom. The bravery he must have had when diving down from his Ikran onto its back...I admire him for his courage. I hope one day I can have as much courage as he did in the past.

"Acala I see something ahead," Ahonui suddenly said.

Focusing my eyes on where he was pointing, I could make out some sort of shape being surrounded by what looked like Thanators. They were the fiercest of the land animals on Pandora, and the deadliest too. Mother told me how she once made tsaheylyu with one during the assault on the Tree of Souls, which amazed me because all my life, I've been told that no Na'vi managed to ride one except for the Anurai clan which was now all but extinct.

Pulling an arrow out and nocking it back on the string, I took aim and fired one off at a Thanator that was about to pounce. The tip pierced through its body and it fell to the floor in a whimper. Its pack members looked around in anger but took off when they saw five Ikrans coming at them from above. Ordering Ali'i to land on the ground a few feet from where the Thanators were attacking. I could now see that it was a wounded Na'vi

"Oel ngati kamele!" I greeted as I saw a Na'vi. See more of Story Wars [in this story](#)

"Who are you?" he asked

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"My name is Acala, of the Omaticaya Clan. Fyape syaw fko ngar?" I asked, checking over the wound on his lower abdomen.

"T-Tak'tsey," he winced when my fingers brushed across his wound.

Ehrasi knelt beside me and held out a ar'lek seed, which I used to dress the injury on Tak'tsey's abdomen skillfully.

"Can you stand?"

"I hurt my leg back there trying to avoid the Thanators," Tak'tsey replied.

This was troublesome.

Our Ikrans were too small to carry two Na'vi on their back.

So I had to guide him back to wherever he was on foot then.

"Ahonui, go back to Hometree with Neya and Glaeya. Ehrasi and I will escort him back to where his home is," I said after a moment of thinking.

"What of your Ikrans?" Neya glanced at our two mounts.

"Take them back with you."

Ali'i flapped her wings and shrieked once, as if reading my mind despite not being able to.

"Go on," I said as they took off again.

"Where do you live?" Ehrasi enquired as we supported Tak'tsey between us.

"My home was destroyed...I do not know where to go now," he answered mournfully.

"Destroyed? How? By what?" I gasped in alarm, feeling sadness radiating off him in waves

"I don't remember..."

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My eyes locked onto those

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He lost his memories.

"Well this is troublesome...should we take him back to Hometree?"

"You know how your father and mother are," he answered honestly.

Yes.

I knew.

Mother and father were weary of outsiders ever since the battle between the Na'vi and the Sky People.

But I couldn't let Tak'tsey die in the wild either.

"Bring him back to Hometree," I finally decided while Ehrasi acknowledged my command.

The moment we were near Hometree I saw several warriors run out with bows drawn and daggers in hand. I bared my teeth at them and hissed in anger, ordering them to back off as their princess.

"Calm people!" I snarled.

"Acala! Ehrasi!"

Uh oh.

It was father's voice.

We brought the injured Tak'tsey into the center of Hometree where my parents were waiting.

"I see you mother and father," I greeted.

"Why did you bring a stranger into our midst?" father demanded, looking at the injured Na'vi being supported by Ehrasi.

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"My daughter, you know we do not welcome outsiders readily into our home," mother chided sternly.

I lowered my eyes briefly. "Mother you taught me to follow the will of Eywa, and something is telling me that I need to help this Na'vi," I turned my attention back to father and finished my words, "his home has been destroyed so he has nowhere to go."

All around I heard small gasps of shock from the others.

"Let me decide if what you feel is true," grandmother spoke up.

She stood in front of Tak'tsey and slowly circled him, studying him closely, examining his face and tail. I heard father chuckle and threw him a questioning look, but mother hit him in the ribs once and he promptly stopped. I had to ask father what that was all about later, but now my attention was all on grandmother as she finished her circling of Tak'tsey.

"What are you called?"

"Tak'tsey."

"You claim to not remember where you are from?" grandmother went on.

"Yes, but I do remember the name of the Tsahik of my clan for some strange reason..."

Grandmother paused at this. "What was the name of your Tsahik? Perhaps we can figure out where you are from," she said.

"Her name was Faewynn."

Suddenly everyone in the clan started screaming and shouting angrily as they raised their weapons at Tak'tsey.

What in the name of Eywa is going on!?

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TessDonut

2 months ago

I love Avatar! That's one of my favorite movies!

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